



ASTRONET/THIRD EYE UPLINK/
GUNNAR HEYWOOD ROUGHFEED:

*They left the gates
of Halo City wide open.*

*Didn't they know
there were wolves
at the door?*

NOW
IS THE
TIME.

BRING
THE BOY'S
BODY TO
ME.

ANGEL OF THE MOURNING

CITY OF THE DEAD PART TWO

A Stan Lee Presentation

Already one of Halo City's
angels has fallen--

--the first victim of this
strange and predatory
quintet's hunt.

They call themselves
THE INDEAD--

--and they have dragged their
kill deep into the subterranean
recesses of the city--

--a cold and lifeless
offering to their
mysterious leader.

WE SHOULD
NOT HAVE LET THE
OTHERS LIVE. THEY
WILL ONLY GET IN
OUR WAY LATER.

BRING THEM
ON EVEN IN THIS
GRAY AFTERLIFE.
CATSCRATCH
WELCOMES A
FIGHT.

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I SEEM TO
RECALL THROWIN'
DOWN WITH DEL RUIZ'S
X-MEN IN WHAT
PASSED FOR MY
PREVIOUS LIFE--

THEY WAS A
HANDFUL, THAT'S
FOR SURE, AND IF
THIS BUNCH IS HALF
AS DANGEROUS--

I SAY DE
SOONER WE PLANT
DERE SEVERED
HEADS ON PIKES,
THE BETTER.

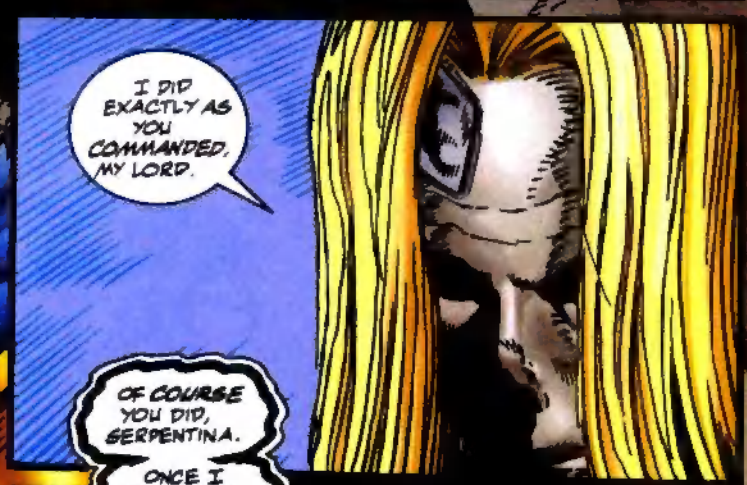


DECAPITATION
WOULD MAKE
THEIR BODIES
USELESS TO
ME, ARCADIAN.

YOU KNOW
I REQUIRE
UNDAMAGED
CORPSES FOR
MY NEEDS.

WELL, DIS
ONE'S BOUT AS
PRISTINE AS
YOU COULD ASK
FOR, MY LORD.

THE LITTLE GIRLS
A DEAD SHOT.



I DID
EXACTLY AS
YOU
COMMANDED,
MY LORD.

OF COURSE
YOU DID,
SERPENTINA.

ONCE I
RETURNED
LIFE TO YOUR
COLD, DEAD
FLESH--

--YOU
COULD DO
NOTHING
ELSE.



THE BARRIER BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH IS ONLY SO MUCH GOSSAMER RIPPLING IN THE WIND.

ENERGY CANNOT BE DESTROYED, ONLY TRANSFORMED.



REIKO?



OH, ANGEL, DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I'VE MISSED YOU--

--HOW MUCH I'VE WANTED TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS AGAIN?

I KNOW, MY LOVE. I KNOW.



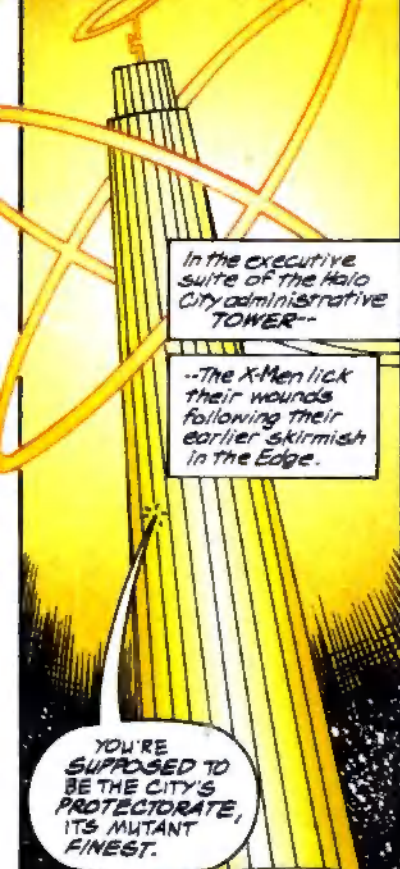
WAIT. FIRST SERPENTINA. NOW YOU.

WHAT KIND OF CRUEL TRICK IS THIS?

YOU'RE DEAD.



YES, AND SO ARE YOU, MY LOVE.



In the executive suite of the Halo City administrative tower--

--The X-Men lick their wounds following their earlier skirmish in the Edge.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE CITY'S PROTECTORATE, ITS MUTANT FINEST.

NO LUCK, SHAKTI. I'M GETTING NO SIGNAL FROM THE BEACON IN HIS BADGE--

--AND I CAN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF HIS MUTANT ENERGY SIGNATURE.

GIVE ME THE WORD, AND I'LL RUN A SWEEP OF THE CITY.

AND STILL THE GO CALLED UNDEAD LEFT YOU EATING DIRT?

I EXPECT BETTER FROM YOU.

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK, SOMERS.

WE SHOULD BE OUT SEARCHING FOR TIM, NOT WASTING TIME REPORTING TO YOU.

MAYBE OUR BOY MANAGED TO TRAIL THE UNDEAD BACK TO THEIR DEEP COVER DIGS.

I WISH THAT WERE TRUE, SHAM.

HENRI, TELL ME YOU'VE LOCATED HIM.

NO. DON'T BOTHER. TIMOTHY'S DEAD.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT, SHAKTI.

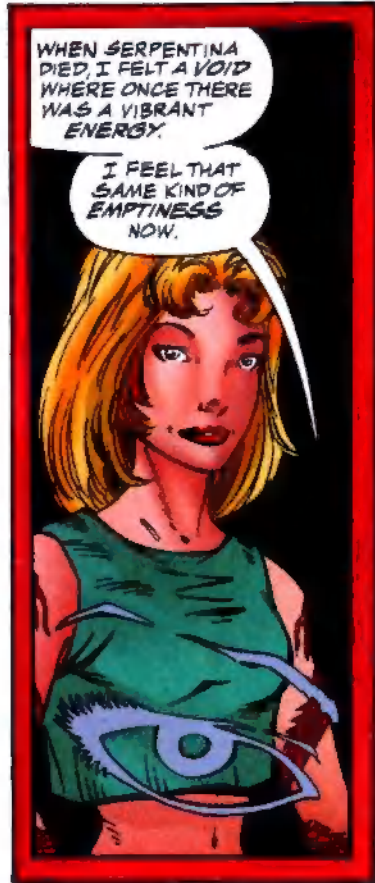
TIMOTHY IS STRONG. HE CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING.



I WANT TO BELIEVE THAT, LUNA, BUT MY SENSES TELL ME OTHERWISE.

YOU SEE, MY ABILITY TO PERCEIVE OTHER MUTANTS GOES BEYOND SIMPLE RECOGNITION.

AS I INTERACT WITH A MUTANT THE MORE SENSITIZED I BECOME TO THEIR INDIVIDUAL PRESENCE.



WHEN SERPENTINA DIED, I FELT A VOID WHERE ONCE THERE WAS A VIBRANT ENERGY.

I FEEL THAT SAME KIND OF EMPTINESS NOW.



NO.



NO!

SKRASH



DOWN SHIFT, SWEETHEART. SAVE IT FOR THE UNDEAD.

MORPHINE--



--DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH ME AGAIN!

THWEK



I DON'T CARE WHAT SHAKTI OR ANYONE SAYS! TIM IS NOT DEAD!

I'M GOING TO FIND HIM-- AND IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP ME--

--STAY OUT OF MY WAY!

WELL, THAT WAS PRODUCTIVE.

AND HERE I THOUGHT HER THING WITH FITZGERALD WAS PURE ANIMAL ATTRACTION.

WHETHER TIM'S DEAD OR NOT, WE BETTER FOLLOW LUNA'S LEAD AND LOCATE THE UNDEAD.

THEY ALREADY BLEW UP ONE POLYCLINIC. WHO KNOWS WHAT THEIR NEXT TARGET WILL BE?

SHAM'S RIGHT. THIS IS THE TYPE OF PROBLEM THE PROTECTORATE WAS FORMED TO HANDLE.

AND THEY CLAIM TO BE MUTANTS?



THEY ALSO CLAIM TO BE DEAD.

ONCE THEY'D LED TIM AWAY FROM THE REST OF US, THEY SEEMED TO BE TOYING WITH US.

WE CAN RUN THEIR GENERAL DESCRIPTIONS THROUGH THE CITY'S MUTANT DATABASE--

--BUT I DOUBT THEY REGISTERED AT THE GATE.

THE TALL ONE WITH THE CAJUN ACCENT LEFT THIS EMBEDDED IN A WALL.

A CARD CARRYING MUTANT ZOMBIE? THAT RAISES SOME INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS--WHO'S DIGGING UP THE GRAVES?



The Sisters of the Howling Commandments staff many of the city's medical polyclinics--

--including the one that the Undead's pyrotechnic **EMBER** firebombed.

I FEEL RESPONSIBLE, SISTER MARGARET.

THE UNDEAD CHOSE THIS CLINIC BECAUSE OF MY CONNECTION WITH THE X-MEN.

AND DO YOU DESIRE REVENGE, XI'AN?

YES.

BUT I HAVE FORSAKEN THE LIFE OF VIOLENCE AND DESTRUCTION THAT I ONCE LED.

BETTER THAT I SHOULD ATTEND TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

SOMETIMES IT IS DIFFICULT TO RECONCILE ONE'S SPIRITUAL BELIEFS WITH THE SECULAR CHAOS THAT SURROUNDS US.

I'LL LEAVE THE FIGHTING TO THE X-MEN.

IT'S TIMES LIKE THESE THAT I REMEMBER WHAT SISTER NAOKI USED TO TELL ME--

--WHEN THE BOGOTA MISSION WAS BEING FRAGGED BY THE CARTELS DURING THE NARCOWARS.

WHAT WAS THAT?

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION.

What have I gotten myself into THIS time?

I'm in Halo City
on assignment for
the ASTRONET--

--The last unaffiliated
alternative news
service on line.

I came expecting to
record the failure of
Halo City's NOBLE
experiment--

--one last ditch effort
at a real democracy in
a world of corporate
aristocracy.

Instead, I've been
sidetracked by the
appearance of the
city's first TERRORISTS.

My sources led me to
the maintenance
tunnels UNDERNEATH
the undeveloped part
of the city.

Thankfully, I have a
little high octane
pick-me-up to get me
through my monotonous
air shaft crawl.



Everybody's got a
vice. These days,
mine dissolves
metal.

When I hear
voices ahead,
I turn on the
recording
hardware that's
become a part
of me.

Every sight and sound and
smell I experience is transmitted
to the Third Eye Information
Satellite for later edit and
broadcast.

What can I
say? It's a
living.



On a slab, deathly pale and immobile is Timothy Fitzgerald, the X-Men's current leader.

He looks worse than I did after my '96 Transverse City bender.

HE WAS MY FRIEND, AND I KILLED HIM.

NO NEED FO' REGRET, SUGAM. Y'DID HIM A FAVOR.

AIN'T NOTHING BUT A WORLD O' HURT FOR THE LIVING.

OUR YOUNGEST MEMBER IS UNEXPECTEDLY CONFUSED, ARCAPIAN.

SHE STILL HARBORS FEELINGS FROM HER PREVIOUS LIFE.

FRET NOT, MY SWEET SERPENTINA, YOUR ONETIME COMPANION IS CRUCIAL TO MY PLANS.

I WILL RESURRECT HIM AS I DID YOH IN THAT NEVADA TRUCKSTOP.

HE WILL SERVE THE GRAVEROBBER BETTER DEAD THAN ALIVE.

The temperature drops a good ten degrees when the big guy lays hands on Fitzgerald.

I don't know if this walking corpse can do what he claims--

--but this footage is sure going to resurrect my career.

With the influx of every socially challenged nomad and wild-eyed outlaw--

--THE NEGATIVE ZONE, the city's entertainment district, has rapidly become ground zero for the release of local tension.

THE NEGATIVE ZONE

It's a good idea to watch out for flying debris.

WE'VE GOT THE OLD MAN CORNERED, MY TALKATIVE TOVARISCH--

--AND ONCE WE DISABLE HIS OVERSIZED DOMESTIC DROID--

--HE'LL BE OURS.

THIS CITY'S BECOME A COMBAT ZONE!

HOW'D A FULLY ARMED STARK/FUTIKAWA MECHAGUARDIAN GET INTO THE CITY?

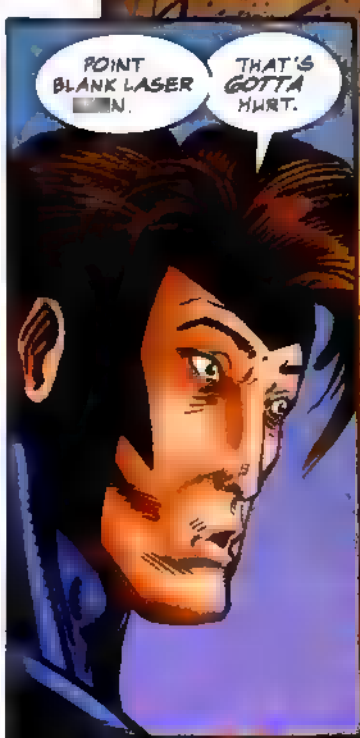
GATE SECURITY'S OVERWORKED AND UNDERSTAFFED.

HOWEVER, THAT'S A MATTER ■■■ ANOTHER TIME--

--WE NEED TO CONCERN OURSELVES WITH THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE UNDEAD TEARING UP THE STREET.

THEY'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY.

SKRA! RROOOOMM



POINT
BLANK LASER
GUN.

THAT'S
GOTTA
HURT.



SHAKTI HADDAD,
WHY AM I NOT
SURPRISED TO
SEE YOU HERE?

DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN
PROTECT YOUR
FATHER FROM
THE UNDEAD?

THE
GRAVEROBBER
HAS PROMISED
HIM A FATE WORSE
THAN DEATH.

I DON'T KNOW WHY
YOU, THE ARCADIAN,
AND NOW THIS
GRAVEROBBER ARE
SO INTERESTED IN
MY FATHER.

I WALKED
AWAY FROM
HIM TEN YEARS
AGO.



YOU
LIE!

OUR FIRST
MEETING MADE IT
CLEAR MY PSIONIC
POWER WAS USELESS
AGAINST YOU AND
THE OTHERS.

YOU MAY BE DEAD,
BUT A BARREL FULL
OF NEURAL SCATTER
SHOT SHOULD DISRUPT
WHATEVER NEUROLOGICAL
SYSTEM YOU HAVE
LEFT!

AH! HEHE--
HOW CAN THIS
BE!

THE
GRAVEROBBER
SWORE I WOULD
FEEL NO PHYSICAL
PAIN!



MY APOLOGIES
FOR WHISKING YOU
AWAY FROM THE
FRAY, MY COLLECTIVE
BORN COMRADE--

--I KNOW
BATTLE IS THE
ONLY THING
YOUR RUSTED
BRAIN UNDER-
STANDS--

UNFORTUNATELY,
WE'VE MOMENTARILY
LOST OUR
ADVANTAGE.

URGH--

KLANG

KLANG

KLANG

LET THIS
PAIR OF X-MEN
TAKE CARE OF
THE OLD MAN'S
BODY GUARD
FOR US.

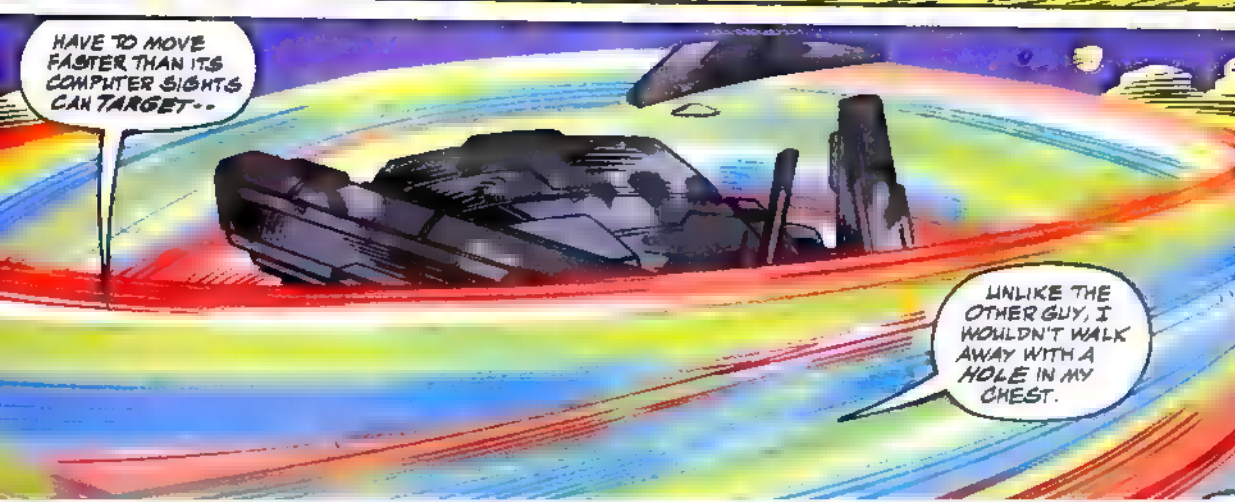
OR VICE
VERSA.

EITHER
WAY, WE
WIN.



FWOON FWOON

EMBER AND THE BIG
GUY MUST'VE DAMAGED
THE 'BOT'S SENSORS.
IT'S FIRING RANDOMLY.



HAVE TO MOVE
FASTER THAN ITS
COMPUTER SIGHTS
CAN TARGET--

UNLIKE THE
OTHER GUY, I
WOULDN'T WALK
AWAY WITH A
HOLE IN MY
CHEST.



JUST LIKE THE DINOSAURS--
BIG BODY, TINY
BRAIN.

BY THE TIME THE
MECHA-G REALIZED
I WAS GONE, IT WAS
TOO LATE.

NOW WE NEED
TO FIND OUT WHO
THE MACHINE WAS
PROTECTING.

THE UNDEAD
SEEM
OBSESSED WITH
MY FATHER--

--BUT WE HAVEN'T
SPOKEN SINCE I
REFUSED TO BE A
PART OF HIS BLOODY
BUSINESS, AND RAN
AWAY TO HONG
KONG.



WHY WOULD THEY
EXPECT TO FIND
THE INFAMOUS
ZAIL HADDAD IN
HALO CITY?

THIS IS THE
LAST PLACE A
REDMARKET
CZAR WOULD
BE SAFE.

FORMER
REDMARKET
CZAR, MY
BOY.



AND IS IT SO
UNFATHOMABLE THAT
A FATHER MIGHT WANT
TO SEE HIS ERRANT
DAUGHTER AFTER
ALMOST A DECADE?

33

Somewhat Morphine Somers has dodged an endless stream of bullets with his name etched on them

Feel like taking a shot? The line starts around the block.

MORPHINE, I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT THE COUNCIL ELECT--

WHAT'S THAT?

A GIFT FROM ANTHONY HEROD, THE MAN WHO BROUGHT US CAPTAIN AMERICA--

--AND WHO PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON EVERY MEMBER OF DOOM'S BLACK CABINET.

IT'S A KAMIKAZE BRAIN BLASTER-- A TELEPATHIC BRAIN BOMB AROUND AN OMNIMUM CHARGE--

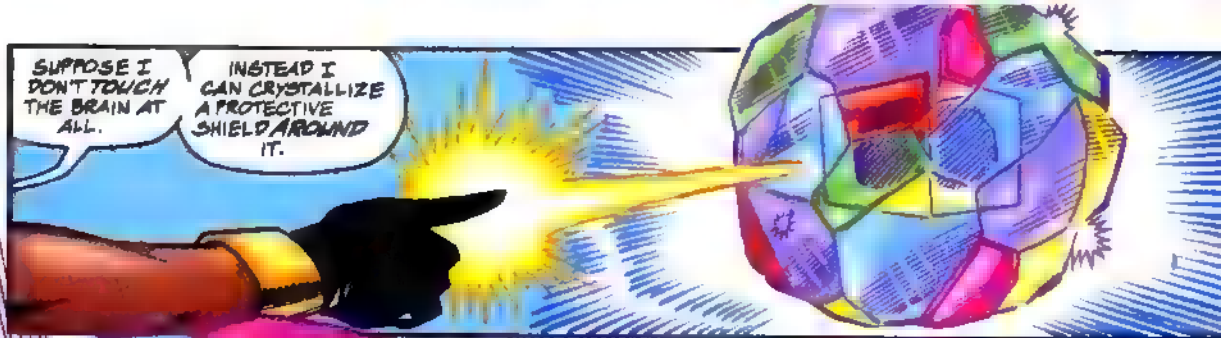
--KEYED TO DETONATE ONCE THE BRAIN IDENTIFIES THE NEURAL PATTERN OF ITS TARGET.

RIGHT NOW I'M USING A FEW BESTERIAN TRICKS A PSI-CON TAUGHT ME TO BLOCK TELEPATHIC INQUIRY.

I JUST KEEP THINKING OF MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY CATHOLIC MASSES, ADVERT JINGLES, DIABOLICAL STUFF.

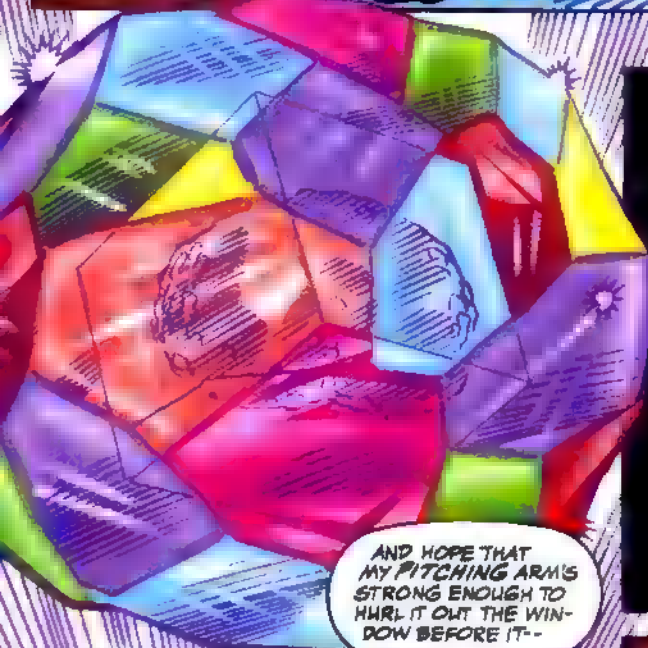
IF IT'S LOCKED ON TO YOUR SPECIFIC BRAIN WAVES, THAT MEANS IT ISN'T A THREAT TO ME.

NO. ANY PHYSICAL CONTACT WITH THE BRAIN WILL TRIGGER THE BOMB.

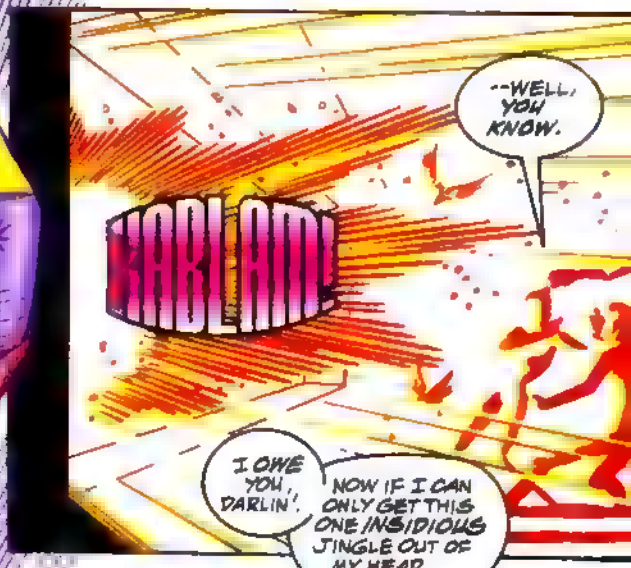


SUPPOSE I
DON'T TOUCH
THE BRAIN AT
ALL.

INSTEAD I
CAN CRYSTALLIZE
A PROTECTIVE
SHIELD AROUND
IT.



AND HOPE THAT
MY PITCHING ARM'S
STRONG ENOUGH TO
HURL IT OUT THE WIN-
DOW BEFORE IT--



--WELL,
YOU
KNOW.

I OWE
YOU,
DARLIN'.

NOW IF I CAN
ONLY GET THIS
ONE INSIDIOUS
JINGLE OUT OF
MY HEAD...



THIS MAY NOT BE
THE LAST ATTEMPT
ON YOUR LIFE.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD
KEEP A LOWER
PROFILE.

NOT MY STYLE. I THINK
IT'S TIME I GAVE MISTER
HEROD A PIECE OF MY
MIND.

AFTER ALL, HE
ALREADY GAVE ME
ONE OF HIS.

I check my internal clock and determine that the Graverobber's been bathing Fitzgerald's body in that eerie glow for five straight hours.

I don't want to believe that the dead can be returned to life.

It raises too many unsettling questions.

COME WITH ME, TIMOTHY. THERE'S NO NEED TO HESITATE...

IT'S JUST THAT I NEVER GAVE MUCH THOUGHT TO ALL OF THIS-- I MEAN DEATH--

IS THERE A HEAVEN? A HELL? AM I GOING TO BE REINCARNATED?

EVERYTHING WILL BE ANSWERED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

IT'S MORE WONDERFUL THAN YOUR EARTHLY DREAMS COULD HAVE IMAGINED.

THERE'S A PART OF ME THAT WONDERS IF THIS IS A DREAM.

TAKE MY HAND.

SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME BACK...

REIKO, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?



SOME
EARTHLY FORCE
SEEKS TO
PREVENT YOUR
JOURNEY.

YOU
MUST
TAKE MY
HAND...

REIKO!
I DON'T
WANT TO GO
BACK.

I WANT
TO STAY
WITH--

Timothy...

DON'T
FIGHT ME,
BOY.

YOUR LIFE
BELONGS TO
ME NOW.



All of a sudden, Fitzgerald's body is doing the speed-metal version of the ST. VITUS DANCE.

THIS IS MY
MUTANT GIFT,
FITZGERALD--

AN ETHER
THAT
REANIMATES
LIFELESS
FLESH.

I HAVE
RESCUED YOU
FROM THE
ABYSS.

BE
GRATEFUL.
AND--
OBEY.

I tell myself, it's
nothing but a post mortem
electrical SPASM.

I'm not very
convincing.



LIVE.



HE LIES STILL
ONCE MORE.
PERHAPS HE'S
BEYOND YOUR
REACH.



I am genuinely and
uncharacteristically
ASTOUNDED.

This is like having
front row seats for
when the Lord raised
Lazarus.

Only no one recorded
that historical wake up
call for posterity.

SEEN
ENOUGH?

I'd become so
engrossed in the
floor action--

--I completely missed
the smell of **BURNING
FLESH** behind me.

MY
MISTAKE.

TRANSMISSION
INTERRUPTED.